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Returned home this sun at about 2:30 AM — met with Arthur Pincus & RGT at Franklin's on the Scranton/Carbondale highway at 7:30 PM — we met for about 2 hours and discussed Arthur's proposed renovation of the Gravity Shoppe Building. Arthur, happily has "toned down" his act considerably in recent months. He is making a concerted effort not to be the pushing Jew from NYC and is succeeding at being "likeable" — he knows that he must get community support for his project or it will fail. We drank three cups each of coffee during the 2 hour session. I drove RGT down — I stopped at 341 on the way down & picked up RGT. Spent about 10-15 minutes visiting with Mr & Mrs. Tormaine and their daughter. There were two main topics of conversation: SLP's winter arrangements at Elddale; RTP and his health. RGT's parents are very easy going and easy to be around. After RGT and I left Arthur, we drove to Jermyr, and RGT spotted his brother's car at the Windsor. We went in and joined him. He insisted on buying <sup>even though</sup> I tried my best to pay my share, I was un-successful in doing so. We sat and talked about food and literature and the arts generally for about 2 hours and then we went to a bar in East Jermyr that has a reputation for being a real neighborhood joint — Brooklyn bartender and local red-necks. Very benign — we stayed about an hour — perhaps longer. At any rate it was 2 AM when we left. SLP was very much in control but I knew that I had been drinking for several hours. Clearly. It was very cool (in the teens) and I thanked the Tormaines for their hospitality and then drove home — drove very slowly because I knew my "condition" I didn't, certainly, want to take any chances. Slept warmly, but fitfully — the alcohol in my

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blood stream was responsible for the fitful sleep. No substitute teaching calls, which distressed me. Why not? Naturally I was/am concerned about why I have not been called. Is it because I have done something wrong/awkward at CAHS or Lakeland? Not possible. Is it because I have been called and Mr. Kozmaruk and/or Mrs. Allen have gotten the "out of service" message that Job got when he called me yesterday? I resolved, upon arising at 9 AM, that I would find out what the story is. At 8:15 AM Jean Colville called and wanted to visit. Ken had just gone to work and Jean was looking for someone to amuse her. I was in a foul mood and not at all interested in being Jean's babysitter. I said: "Jean, it's 8:15 AM and I'm very tired and I can't talk to you just now. Good Bye," and I hung up the phone, and that was that. I bathed and dressed and spent an hour or so at my desk, when suddenly I discovered that it was snowing quite hard. I said to myself — Perhaps I should go into town now and do my business. It may be that we shall get a major snow storm and I will not be able to go anywhere. I knew clearly that I needed kerosene for the heater and so I prepared myself very rapidly to go into town & there I went. Did my business at the Post office & then went to the CPL where I telephoned Micro-graphics & left a message for Tricia Wright — "Where's the replacement part for our new Reader/Printer?" I called last evening <sup>from the CPL</sup> at about 6 PM and left the same message. I then called Job and asked him if he wanted to see the Cy Governor copy print of the level between the head of Plane no. 3 and the base of no. 4 — across the gully at the Artesian well. I said that I